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chased so splendid a carriage, they might at least get a pair of fresh horses, as the old greys were nearly worn out. After a little remonstrance, he also agreed to this act of extravagance, as he called it, saying he should have thought the old ones might have done for a year or two more. The lady, encouraged by this concession, *thought* that they could never attend the races without new *liveries* for their servants, which would be but a trifling expense. After a short pause, she added, in one of her winning ways, "To tell you the truth, my dear, the *coach house* is too small, and it grieves me to see the carriage so rubbed—indeed you had better *build* a new one—you will be a great saver in the end." Shortly afterwards, his son returned from the university, where, during a course of thoughtless extravagance, he had involved his father already in difficulties to a considerable degree; yet still he might have redeemed himself had he had recourse to prudent management, and economical retrenchment. After this hopeful youth had sojourned a few days in his father's mansion, one of the members for the county happened to die. Torrington, by the joint intreaties of his wife and son, contested the county, and after a severe but ruinously expensive contest, he gained his election, and was returned one of the knights of the shire, to serve in Parliament, for the county of D——. Torrington was now obliged to take a town residence, and form an establishment, the support of which, far exceeded his income; still Mrs. Torrington insisted that it was necessary, for the sake of his daughters, who were just *coming out*. After two or three years, during which he was irretrievably involving himself by his expensive mode of living, the parliament was dissolved. He hastened into the country, and canvassed the county again, and was almost certain of his seat, from the numerous *promises* of support which he received. However an opponent started up in the person of his neighbour, Mr. Herrings' eldest son, who, by the influence of his father's wealth, was returned, and poor Torrington ousted. Shortly afterwards, the scandal of the day whispered that Torrington was arrested for debt, and in a few years, worn down with grief and despondency, he died in prison.

J. B.

## HOPE DELAYED.

—————"Hope exults,  
And though much bitter in our cup is thrown,  
Predominates, and gives the taste of heaven."

YOUNG,

Flow on, thou tide of life; tho' toil and cares  
Mar the dark current of thy troubled stream,  
Whate'er the hue thy checquer'd surface wears,  
We dare not question the all-bounteous scheme  
Of him who thus ordains—the wise Supreme.  
My heart grows old, by inward strife impell'd;  
And dimly glows the suffering spirit's beam,  
Its light, as yet, within that cell withheld,  
Where wishes scarcely sleep—affections wild are quelled.

Hope! thou'rt a mystery—a dream of things  
Obscurely real—prophet blindly sure;  
So evanescent are thy glittering wings,  
So apt in wayward flight the soul to lure.

Oh, give me certainty awhile, to cure  
 This heart of its deep longings—ere the sense  
 Of rapture leave it—of enjoyment pure ;  
 Ere it be still'd in pulseless impotence,  
 Subdued by vain desires, too passionate, intense.

Friend of the weary-hearted ! it were meet  
 Thy promises to me were not delayed  
 While youth be present, as his hours are fleet,  
 His flowers, tho' heavenly, blooming but to fade—  
 And vain is pleasure when they are decayed ;  
 Vain is ambition's spirit-thrilling flame,  
 Its warmth, its stimulus, past—disobeyed,  
 When Hope, not dawning o'er the path of fame,  
 Ceases to fire our spirit, in its perilous aim.

Arbiter of human purposes ! illumine  
 Once more thy radiance in this wearied breast ;  
 Send thy quick glances thro' life's transient gloom ;  
 Be thou a solace, in thy light confessed.  
 Thus be mine orison to thee addressed,  
 Flowing from out the mystic soul's profound,  
 Like voices from a place of holy rest,  
 Diffused in solemn majesty around,  
 Till the heart swells into their awe-creating sound.

R. G. M.

## NOTES OF THE MONTH,

BY TWO HERMITS IN LONDON.

## POLITICS, &amp;c.

The early comments of the London press, on the prosecution of Mr. O'Connell, have been sufficiently amusing ; the prosecution being an Irish prosecution—the indictment being an Irish indictment—and the law being Irish law—was of course, outrageously absurd. The sagacious *Standard* took up the cudgels in defence of Mr. O'Connell most vigorously, and having luminously expounded the law, to his own satisfaction, proceeded to declare that “ he had seen or read of nothing like this since the prosecution of Braddon and Spoke, in the reign of Charles the Second.” Admirable *Standard* !—defender of the staunch tories—unrelenting enemy of those traitors who broke in upon the constitution of 1688 ; how sensibly, and how consistently have you supported that excellent and worthy person, Daniel O'Connell ! The reason of your *honest* support, we Hermits can disclose : when a prosecution was instituted against the *Standard*, Mr. Daniel O'Connell spoke on behalf of that newspaper, in the House of Commons, ever since which important event, the *Standard* has said all manner of kind things of and concerning that virtuous lawyer. Even when the utter absurdity of the legal opinions of this journalist were exposed, and demonstrated by the event of the prosecution, the editor had not the decency to acknowledge his error ; but on the contrary, persevered, with true consistency, in his original blunder, when all the world were laughing right heartily at the disappointment of his sapient prognostications. The only newspaper in London, that took a correct view of the law of the prosecution, from the very commencement, was the *Globe* ; the leading articles are written by a lawyer of experience, and the paper itself is conducted with judgment, temperance, and skill.

The agitation of the currency question becomes every day more and more important ; there is a large, and a respectable party in England, in favour of a well regulated paper currency. It must be confessed the evils of an exclusively gold circulating medium, in a great commercial country, are sufficiently